

BUXTEHUDE REVISITED

for over fifteen years i've had the same small size elongated metal pigeon hole with the glass door, every time i got to work i detour by there. it's near leisure world so the parking lot is a hazard and the line a place of heightened significance. usually i'm in and out in 30 seconds, though as a man of business i've occasionally had to improvise surveillance before committing myself with a key.

first in importance are checks, which bring relief. second and somewhat more thrilling are literary acceptances or requests. i even prefer rejections to nothing, though not if it was something i was counting on. a rude rejection will make my day, but those are rare. i like news, even bad, from far away in space or time. for instance, i am consistently notified of the publications of others, of heftily-priced deep workshops in la, or somewhat more logically of writing seminars on cruise ships in the caribbean for slightly more. apart from ordering the odd smut item i don't like to put money in the mail. the worst is to approach with key out to find the gape of nothingness.

from the bukowski variations: the day i heard he had died i had earlier fished out of a manila 10x13 a note which read: sorry, can't use these but please buy our next # which features buk. third or first in relevance are the actual artifacts with one's name in the t. of c., preferably on the front or back cover so the world has a chance to note it.

but mostly i get resumes if my shit is at all together as a headhunter. with paper i've gotten i could staff an aerospace corp, a few valve companies, several petrochem operations, and in the last couple years a small number of medical facilities. engineers and nurses. i get unsolicited precis from executives who can turn a company around, and happen to be available for 100k yrly or possibly less. people i don't know have heard of the fine work i do in industries i've barely heard of. people want to meet me to discuss ways they can contribute to or improve my operation. a lesbian real estate couple i met for five minutes ten years ago has contacted me one hundred times. i'm on the mailing list of several chamber music societies, and huntington surf & sport keeps me updated about spring suit sales.

once in a while i pull out an envelope with the wrong number on it, but despite the implications of this (where is one's own shit going?) it's best not to complain to the staff. remind them of your name or names and number. make eye contact. sometimes

i get mail that has been opened, either the items were placed in the wrong box and turned in at the counter or the fbi knows i still have a couple john lennon albums.

for a while i got a series of prison letters, and finally opened one. it could have used a little norman mailer work-up, but basically it went: i no longer want to kill your new boyfriend for turning me in, and i don't still hold you basically responsible for me being where i am, though i sometimes can't help thinking about it, so Please, Please, write! the number was right the name was wrong, i returned a couple and threw away a couple more before they stopped coming. i could be of no help to the guy, but he did remind me of what i have: a running car, sunshine on the blvd as i turn into the sea breeze, a manageable hangover, and the ability to write a sentence instead of serving one.

SUPERMAN JOKE

two guys are drinking
in a rooftop highrise bar,
one says: you know
the wind's so strong up here
that if you went over the edge
you'd get blown right back up.
the other guy says: better
ease up on your consumption.
first guy says: all right, watch.
he goes over the edge, gets
blown right back up.
second guy says: i gotta try that.
goes over the edge, down 100 stories,
splat. bartender says: superman,
you're so mean when you're drunk.

— Chris Daly

Seal Beach CA

WHAT I LEARNED FROM CHASING WOMEN

how fast they can run.